MAYFAIR

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PRP
A PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATION

SIZZLING SISTERS! ROSANNA & PATRICIA ARQUETTE's

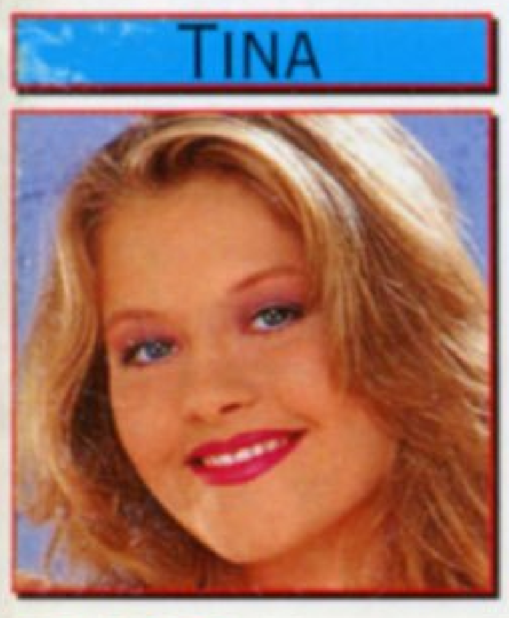
SCREEN SEX SCENES!

CLAIRE CASS – WOULD *YOU* RUBBER UP THE WRONG WAY...?

ONLY THE WORLD'S MOST GORGEOUS GIRLS APPEAR IN MAYFAIR – COME ON IN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

DROOL AS THESE TWO YOUNG LOVERS SHAVE EACH OTHER!

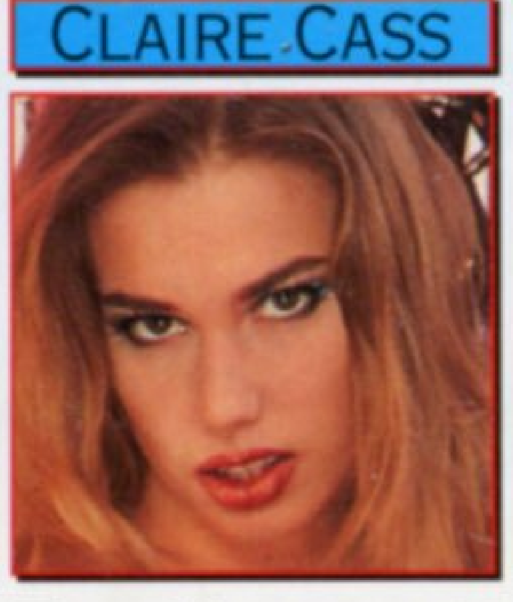
TINA



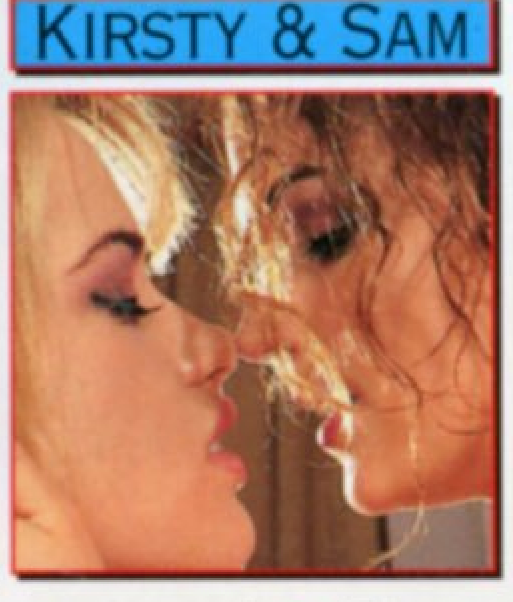
ANGEL

LUCIA

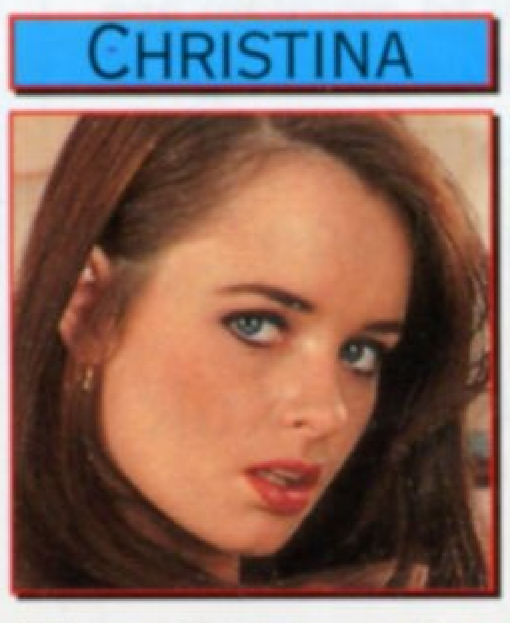
CLAIRE CASS



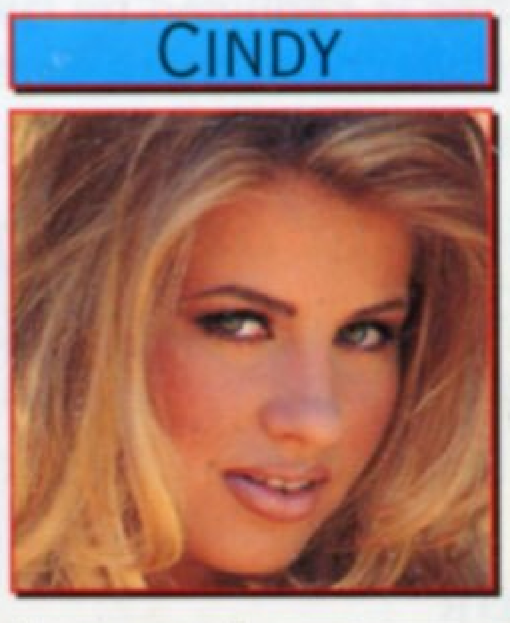
KIRSTY & SAM



CHRISTINA



CINDY



BRITTANY

PLUS! SPICE GIRLS SHAGGING CHALLENGE! • TOP MODELS TOPLESS! • BEAT THE CASINO! • LEWD LETTERS! • AND MORE

MAYFAIR

PRP A PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATION
Volume 32 Number 3
A Paul Raymond Publication

Don't Blame Me, Blame…

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TINA 5

ANGEL 15

RI-SKI

Get
'Co
The

LUCIA 25

CLAIRE CASS 35

CLAIRE CASS APPEARS EXCLUSIVELY IN MAYFAIR

BRITTANY 74

WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO,
DON'T READ THIS BIT!

We really mean it – don't read one more word after the end of this sentence, or we won't be held responsible for the consequences. Alright, this sentence is your last chance, don't read another! Oh dear, now you've done it. We warned you, but you wouldn't listen, would you? Congratulations, that's 50 words – you're officially a Mayfair reader!

BUSINESS 22

WISH & CHIPS 32

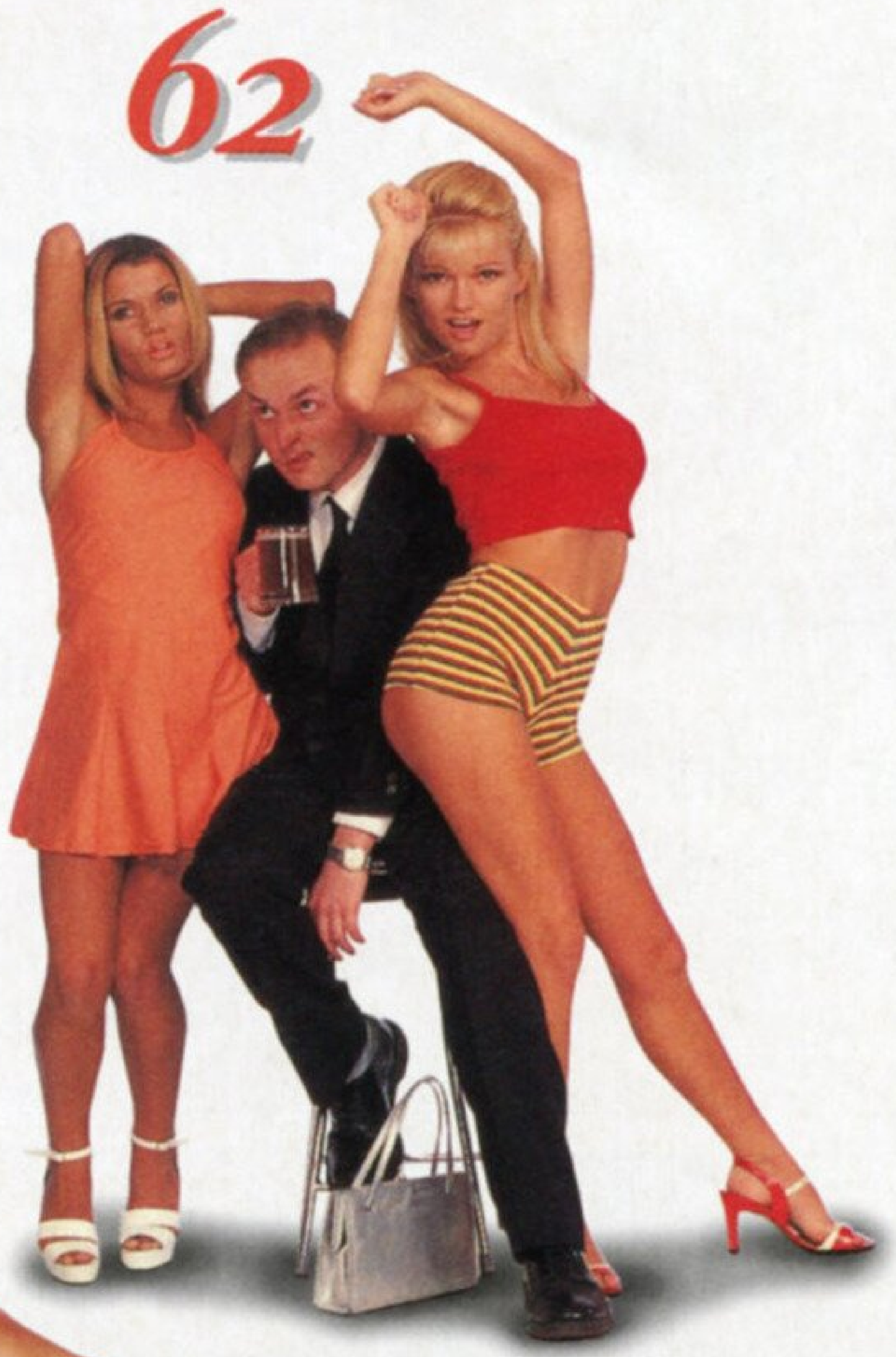
Ready,
s Here
y Come!

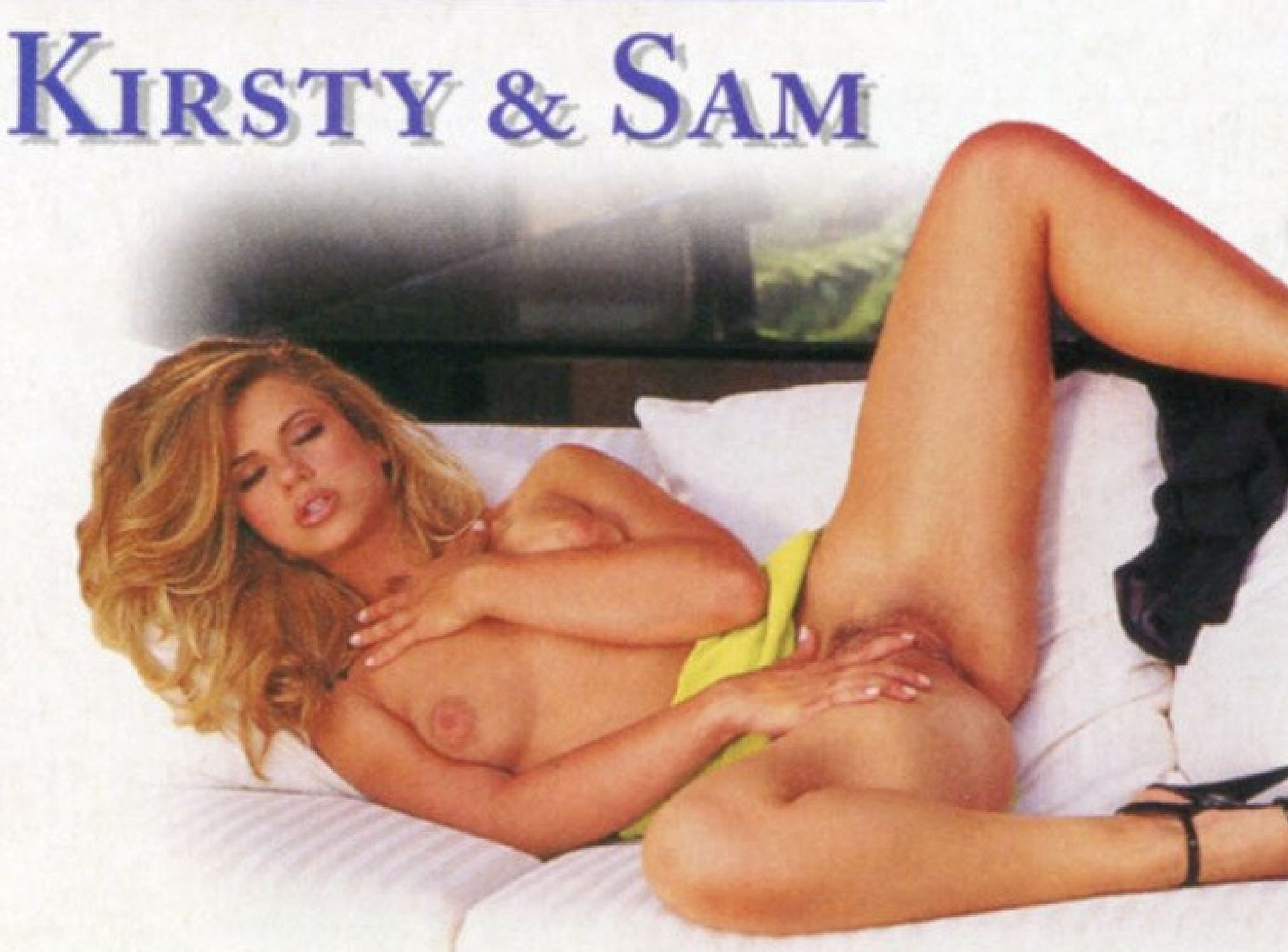
CHRISTINA 55

POSTER POSERS 47

KIRSTY & SAM

WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE! 62





CINDY 64

Where It's At

Mayfair Male 4

You lot seem to spend so much time banging away like a rabbit colony on a Club 18-30 holiday to Bangkok, it's amazing you've got the strength to lick the stamp!

The Arquette Sisters 12

With offspring as sexy and buxom as Patricia and Rosanna, the only thing we want to know is: how many more have Mr and Mrs Arquette got waiting in the wings?

Rock Bitches! 14

Loud guitars, huge gleaming speaker stacks, a crowd full of wild headbangers and a damn good time. But Metallica tend not to get their baps out or fuck sex dolls on stage.

Ri-ski Business 22

Put on a nice warm jacket and scarf, strap a couple of planks to your feet, take off in a helicopter and jump out on top of a mountain. You *are* insured, aren't you?

Dick Stacy! 24

Porn actress Stacy Valentine takes a leaf out of Marlon Brando's school when it comes to thespianism. A true method actor, she's never been known to fake it on screen!

Get Your Chips Out 32

It's a hard life, working for the world's best girlie mag. But for our readers' sakes we volunteered to research the glamorous world of casinos and blow our publisher's cash.

Scene From Mayfair 42

Who would win if the Spice Girls had a punch-up? Who's the biggest pop star in Finland? Where can you get hold of real bodices? All these questions answered.

Object Of Desire 54

Just as useful on a top secret mission behind enemy lines or a family holiday in Marbella (not that there's that much difference), the Canon Ixus is a small but cool camera.

Body Language 62

Your eyes meet across a crowded room. Did you realise her body language could be telling you to come to bed, even as her boyfriend offers to send you to hospital?

Quest 70

Randy women torque about their raunchy exploits behind the wheel – and these babes always know what to do when confronted with a throbbing big end. Better get revvy!

Next Month 98

Claire Cass is a hooker! We're not being rude, honest. We'll leave that to her

TINA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
VIV THOMAS

Personal Details

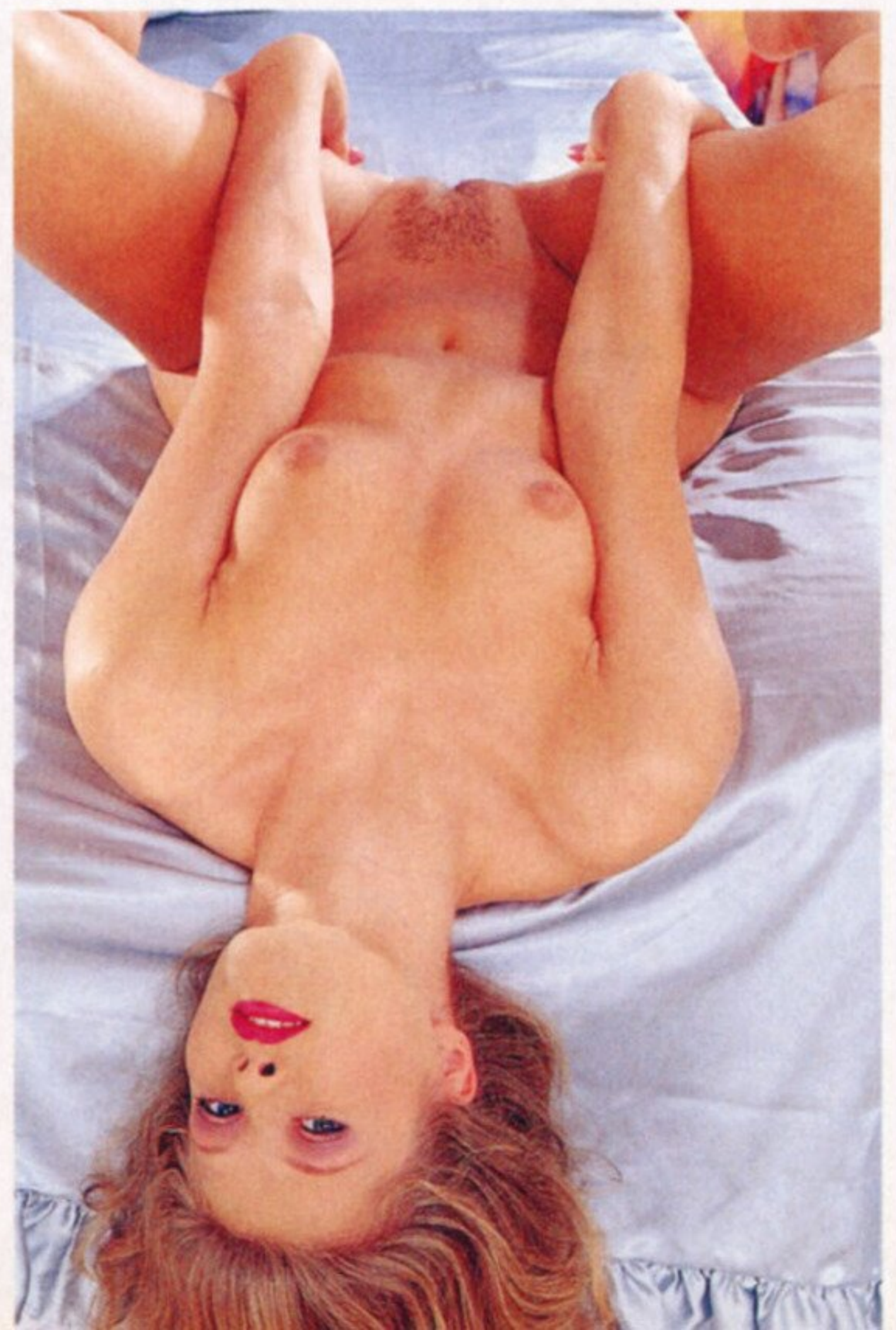
Age: *18*
Vital Statistics:
34B-22-34
Second Profession:
Stable Hand
Home Town:
Newmarket

It's good to see you again, Tina. Your debut a couple of months ago caused quite a stir in the *Mayfair* offices.

Did it? I didn't know how the pictures would turn out – I've never seen myself 'in print' before – but I was very pleased when I opened the magazine.

Could this be the start of a new career then?

Who knows? My first love is still horses, but I've got to admit that doing a photo-shoot for **Mayfair** *is a lot less messy. It's a better hourly rate, as well!*



Do you enjoy getting naked?
Yes – I'd do it all the time if I knew I wasn't going to get arrested – you saw me rolling around in the open air a few weeks ago, didn't you? I'd really like to go to a naturist camp and let it all hang out.

Make sure you let us know when and where you go, and we'll invest in a telephoto lens
I don't see what's so funny about people with no clothes on I think it's the most natural thing in the world. Though I have got a really bad joke.

Go on then.
I heard on the news that an articulated lorry ploughed into the side of a nudist colony yesterday, ripping a massive hole in the wall. The police are currently looking into it!

SISTE

We've all asked "Have you got a sister?" when some jammy mate cops off with a high-quality bird, haven't we? Well, if you're lucky enough to be talking to a girl called Arquette, the answer's yes – with bells on!

Wherever the factory is that makes members of the Arquette family, they're certainly churning them out, because Hollywood is currently under siege from them. Three actor brothers and two sisters at the last count are appearing in films left, right and centre, though if you ask us, the factory should stick to producing the classically-styled female models, Rosanna and Patricia.

The girls were given a typically restrained Californian upbringing, living on a nudist hippy commune for a while with their poetess mother. Rosanna was first to make it as an actress in the hard-hitting *The Executioner's Song*, then appeared with a young singing starlet called Madonna in *Desperately Seeking Susan*. Wonder what ever happened to her?

From the beginning, a succession of producers

ROSANNA ARQUETTE
RAUNCHOGRAPHY

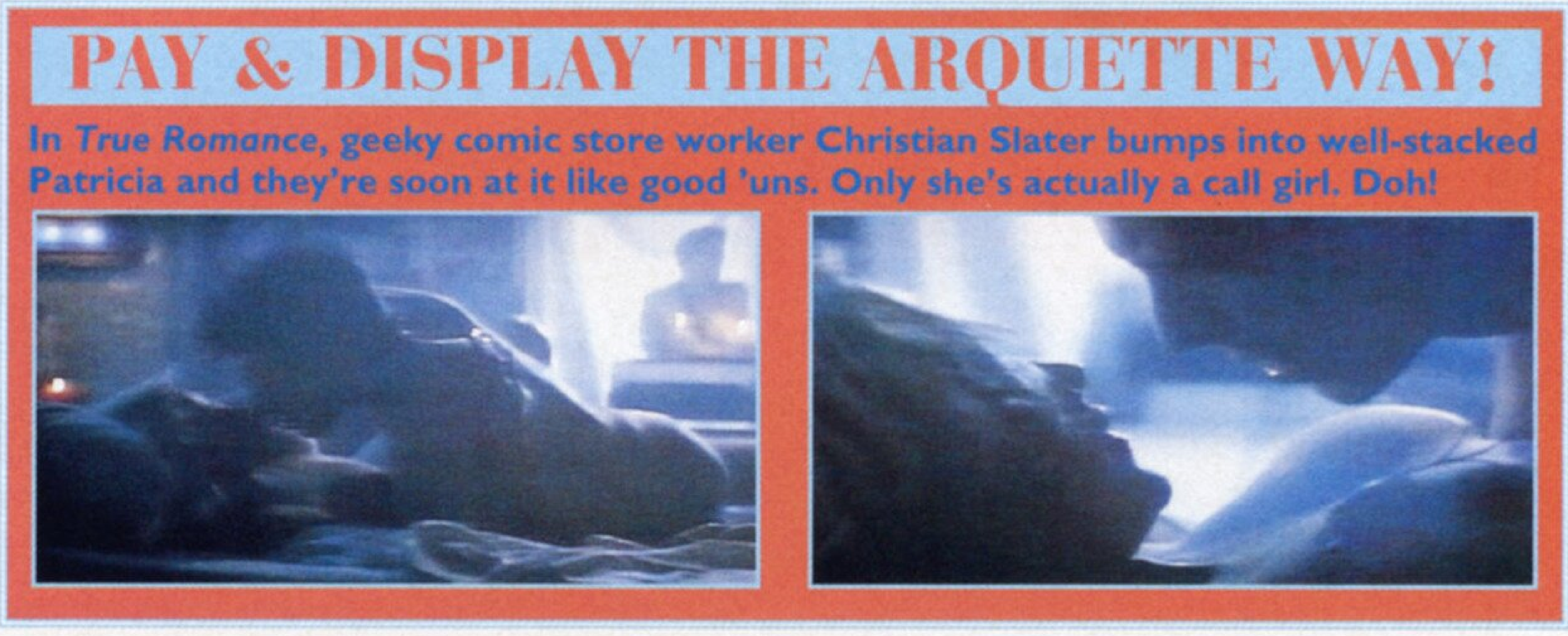
YEAR	TITLE	RATING
1980	Gorp	✓
1981	S.O.B.	✓✓✓
1982	The Executioner's Song	✓✓✓✓✓
1983	Baby It's You	✓✓
1985	Desperately Seeking Susan	✓✓✓
1985	After Hours	✓✓
1986	Eight Million Ways To Die	✓✓
1988	The Big Blue	✓✓✓
1989	Black Rainbow	✓✓✓✓
1993	Nowhere To Run	✓✓✓✓
1994	Pulp Fiction	✓
1996	Crash	✓✓✓✓✓

PATRICIA ARQUETTE
RAUNCHOGRAPHY

YEAR	TITLE	RATING
1987	A Nightmare On Elm Street 3	✓✓
1990	Prayer Of The Rollerboys	✓
1991	The Indian Runner	✓✓
1991	Wildflower	✓✓✓
1993	True Romance	✓✓✓✓
1994	Ed Wood	✓✓
1995	Beyond Ragoon	✓✓
1996	Flirting With Disaster	✓

PAY & DISPLAY THE ARQUETTE WAY!

In *True Romance*, geeky comic store worker Christian Slater bumps into well-stacked Patricia and they're soon at it like good 'uns. Only she's actually a call girl. Doh!



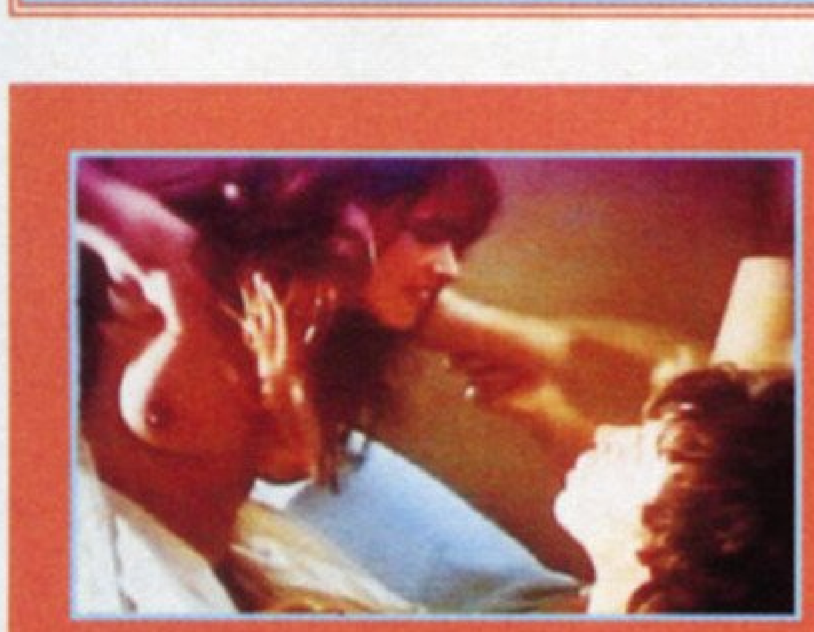
TEXT AND PICTURES: SCOOP SYNDICATION

R ACT!

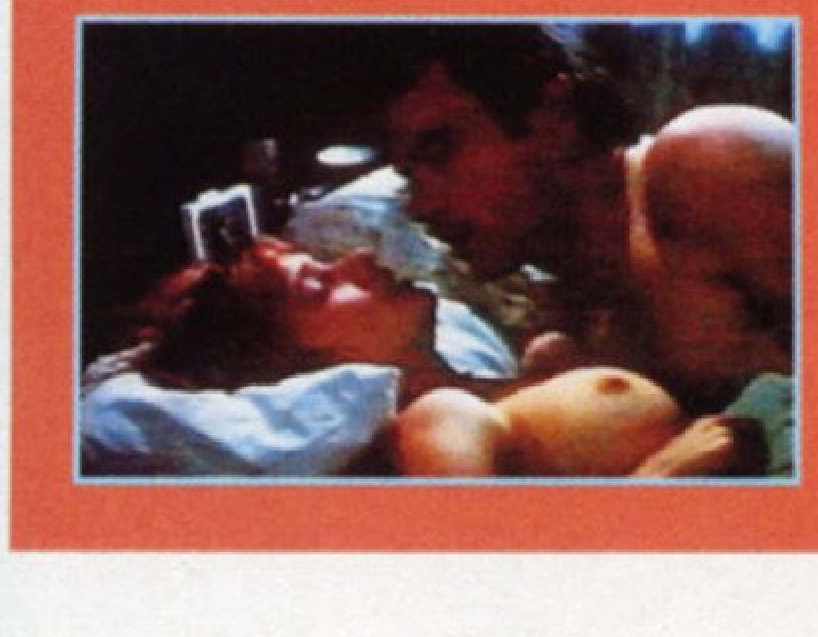
IT'S A SMALL WORLD

Rosanna Arquette stars in *Crash* with Holly Hunter who was in *The Piano*, as was Harvey Keitel, who played Mr White in *Reservoir Dogs* which was written by Quentin Tarantino, just like *True Romance*, which stars Patricia Arquette, sister of... Rosanna Arquette!

The Executioner's Song: "And today, I'm going to be singing *Get Yer Tits Out For The Lads*, to the tune of *Bread Of Heaven*. Aaaaand-a-one, a-two, a-three, four "



Black Rainbow: Somewhere over the rainbow, Ros gets 'em out!



It's that pesky singing executioner again. Shut up, already!

and directors noticed that Rosanna wasn't just talented in the acting department. *Executioner's Song* producer Laurence Schiller says: "I used to tease Rosanna that we should have her wear a restraining bra. I thought the fact that she was so well-endowed might be too much!" Martin Scorsese has also talked at length about her "unbounded fuckin' carnality" to which Rosie responded: "He's obsessed with me as an actress, not as a body... he never tried to fuck me."

“...HE NEVER TRIED TO FUCK ME”

Hey Marty, you lookin' at me? Huh? I don't see no-one else here...

Blake Edwards, the supremo of sex and slapstick unsurprisingly noticed Rosanna's charms when he cast her alongside squeaky-clean Julie Andrews in *S.O.B*: "I was the other girl besides Julie Andrews who showed her tits for Blake Edwards," Ros recalls. Or as *Rolling Stone* noted, she was "the one with the beautiful eyes and the great mamumbas."

BIG BAZOOMAS!

Not a lot of people know that Toto's barf-inducing 1982 hit *Rosanna* was written for Ms Arquette by the band's keyboard player, who was her boyfriend at the time. It didn't do him any good, though we don't know if they finished because of the song or all keyboard players' habit of wearing purple jackets with the sleeves rolled up.

Rosanna explains her toothsome appearance thus: "I have buck teeth. I sucked my thumb until I was 11 years old. And then I went on to suck other things." Well, by that point she'd probably saved up enough pocket money to buy a packet of Murray Mints.

Patricia weighs in seven years younger than her sibling, but is equally talented. And she can act. She shaved her head, ran away to live with Sis when she was 14 and decided to "give it a try" as far as acting was concerned when she was 18 – with no formal training.

She soon garnered rave reviews for her portrayal of a beautiful mute in *Wild Flower* and slowly got into bigger and better films after appearing in such modern masterpieces as *Prayer Of The Rollerboys* and *A Nightmare On Elm Street 3*.

For *The Indian Runner*, she was required to give birth in one of the more explicit depictions of sprog-dropping that have been filmed. "We've seen everybody's fucking tits 40ft wide on the screen," she says, "but how many people have really seen birth?" Fair enough Pat, but given a choice, we know which we'd plump for!

Her big break arrived in the Quentin Tarantino-scripted *True Romance* as Alabama, a novice call-girl who spills her popcorn on Christian Slater. Inevitably, this leads to the death of Gary 'Nutter' Oldman, a caseful of cocaine, getting mashed by the Mafia and a climactic shoot-out John Woo would be proud of.

All very exciting, but the highlight is still her love scene, which reveals her extensive on-board tittage in all its glory. So if you're penning another bullet-fest, Quenoid, remember that guns are neither big nor clever, whereas a fine brace of buxom bazoomas are both!

The Wrong Man: so wrong, in fact, that it's actually a very attractive blonde woman with rather large breasts!

ANGEL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
CHANTEL THOMAS

Personal Details

Age: *23*
Vital Statistics:
34D-23-36
Second Profession:
Air Hostess
Home Town:
Buxton

Last time we spoke to you, you were going out on the town with Susan – did you get up to much in the end?

Oh no, why did you have to go and bring that subject up again – I got so wrecked, I think I'm only just recovering from the hangover! I blame Susan – she kept making me drink these horrible cocktails all night.

But the biggest question is: did you score?
We went out intending to get our claws into a couple of studs, but you saw our photo-set – we didn't need anyone else to complicate things once we got really randy! So we decided to forget the stag hunt (mainly because we'd drunk most of the guys under th table already) and go home for an all-nighter!

You should have told us – we'd hav sent a photographer round!
Believe me, some of the stuff we got u to couldn't be printed in any magazine in the world, it was so kinky!

You can tell us, Angel. We're discreet. Honest!
I'll leave it to your imagination. All I'll say is we had a big tub of strawberry ice-cream, four pairs of tights, an empty champagne bottle and a tube of KY jelly. Make what you want out of that!

Who was on top, then?
What makes you think either of us w on top? Haven't you heard? 'Side by side is the only way to ride'!

Personal Details

Age: ***24***

Vital Statistics: ***34D-25-34***

Second Profession: ***Animator***

Home Town: ***Cardiff***

LUCIA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
STEPHEN K MORRIS

Is there much call for animation in Cardi
Yes, didn't you know? It's a bit of a hot-b
for animation actually, there are little stu
dotted all over the place, and most of them
have got the walls covered in awards. A l
of the time, I have to hop on the train to
Bristol to visit studios there, and it's even
worse than Cardiff!

What exactly do you do?
I mainly work on the backgrounds, which
nice and arty – lots of swirly mists and
shadows to do. But I'd really like to do the
stuff in the foreground one day.

What about your spare time?
I haven't really had much of that lately,
because I've been busy at work…

Are they working you too hard, then? We can't have that!

No, my bosses keep telling me to go home, but I really fancy a bloke we've taken on temporarily and he always stays behind and works extra hours, so I'm doing my best to 'get to know' him while I can!

Have you had any luck?

He's starting to get the message – God knows I've dropped enough hints, and I've made sure he gets a good peek up my skirt and down my blouse when we're positioning one of the cameras. But he's only with us for a couple more weeks, so if nothing happens in the next few days, I'm just going to pin him down and shag him silly!

Personal Details

Age: *18*

Vital Statistics: *32C-23-33*

Second Profession:

Fashion Student

Home Town: *Yeovil*

CLAIRE CASS APPEARS EXCLUSIVELY IN MAYFAIR

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVE COLBY

CLAIRE

CLAIRE CASS APPEARS EXCLUSIVELY IN MAYFAIR

So Claire, we finally got you to do the 'Rubber Dolly' photo-shoot the readers requested. Enjoy it?

Well, I must admit, I didn't think I would but I did! I was a bit nervous about it, though…

Oh? Why was that?

I thought it would be really sweaty and uncomfortable! I'd never worn rubber before you see.

CLAIRE CASS APPEARS EXCLUSIVELY IN MAYFAIR

So, was it sweaty? *Well yes, it was, but it wasn't uncomfortably sweaty – in fact, it was more sexily sweaty, if you know what I mean…*

.er no. Come again? *What I mean is, I got really turned on wearing it, okay? Sure, it made me hot and sweaty but, despite my misgivings, it was a nice kind of hot and sweaty. And I must say I felt every inch the slut!*

You little minx! And all along we thought you were a 'nice' young girl. *Oh yeah? Well even so-called 'nice' girls can get a kick out of being naughty! That's what I like about modelling for* Mayfair *– one day I can get my rocks off on being an innocent 'Virgin Bride', the next day I can feel all sexy and sleazy dressed up in crotchless PVC pants…*

KIRSTY & SAM

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOANIE ALLU

Personal Details

Sam

Age: *22*

Vital Statistics:

32C-22-32

Second Profession:

Hair Stylist

Home Town:

Harrogate

Personal Details

Kirsty

Age: *22*

Vital Statistics:

32C-22-32

Second Profession:

Charity Worker

Home Town:

Liverpool

Hey girls, do you realise you've both got exactly the same vital statistics?
Sam: *Trust you lot to notice something like that. Is that how you spend your days, ogling our figures and comparing notes?*

Well, yes, actually…
Kirsty: *You and your readers probably know our bodies better than we do. We should all go out together next time we buy underwear, 'cos you'll be able to tell us what's going to fit before we even try it on!*

You won't find us arguing – just as long as you don't want to come along next time we buy some pants!
Sam: *In your dreams!*

KIRSTY & SAM

MAYFAIR

How do you feel about being this month's *Mayfair* 'Poster Posers'?

Kirsty: *It's going to look good, but I'm dreading the next time I take my car in to be serviced…*

Why's that, then?

Kirsty: *Well, mechanics always have posters on the walls of their garage, don't they?*

They might give you a cheap MOT…

Sam: *That's nothing – I got my car completely overhauled once for nothing. Mainly because I was going out with this man who worked for one of the Grand Prix teams! He was such a whizz, my old Mini was bombing along like a Ferrari by the time he'd finished with it. And the fact he was great in bed was a bonus!*

Personal Details

Age: ***21***

Vital Statistics: ***34D-24-33***

Second Profession: ***Beautician***

Home Town: ***Newport***

CHRISTINA

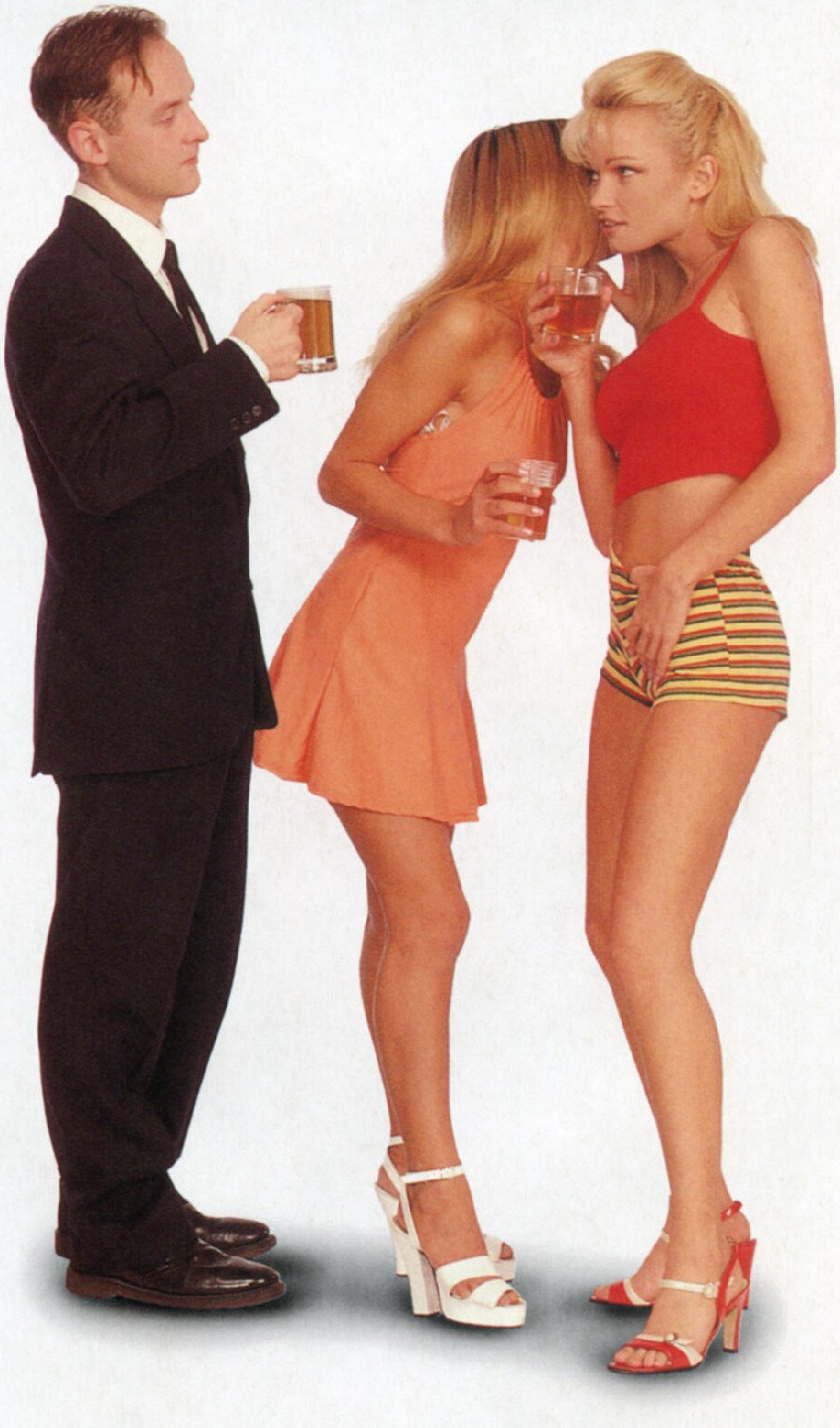
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEOFF HOWES

You must have learned a lot if you were there a full six months.

I did. I was on attachment to one of the really famous cosmetics companies and the took me all the way through how to use the different products properly, skin types, manicure technique and so on. But the single most important thing I learned was never believe a Frenchman who says he won't stay the night!

WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE

UNDERSTANDING A GIRL'S BODY LANGUAGE COULD BE THE KEY YOU NEED TO UNLOCK HER LEGS, SO FOLLOW OUR DUFFER'S GUIDE TO SENDING OUT GOOD VIBES AND YOU'LL BE COVERED IN MORE BIRDS THAN NELSON'S COLUMN – WHICH IS ALSO COVERED IN SHIT.

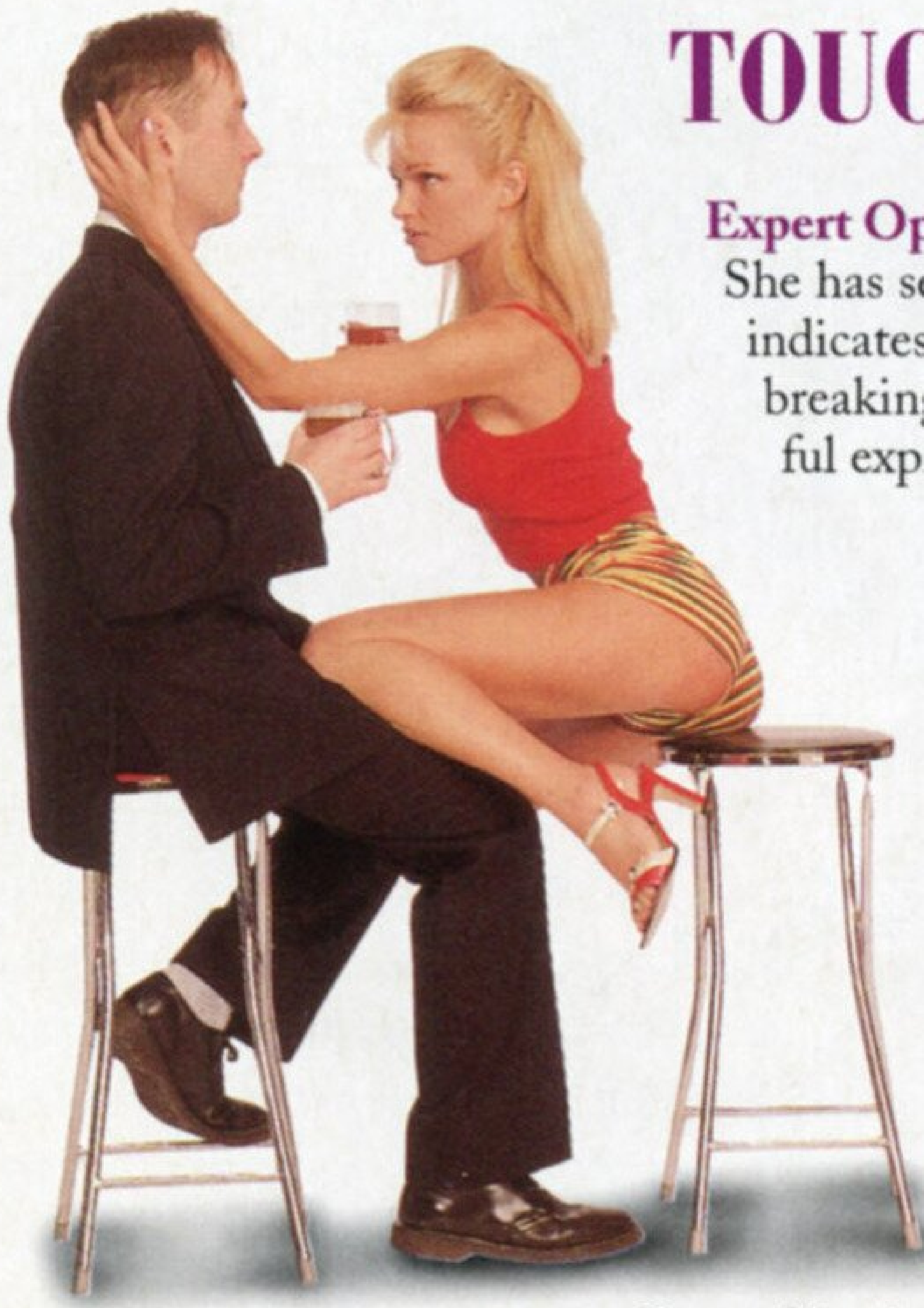


CROSSED OFF

Expert Opinion: She dresses with sexual confidence. Crossed legs can be a sign of resistance, but pointing them in a specific direction suggests strong predatory subconscious attraction waiting to surface.

We Say: She works at Tesco's and the dress belongs to her pencil-thin sister. She always crosses her legs because one's longer than the other, and this hides it. She probably falls over a lot, but she's great at walking around hills.

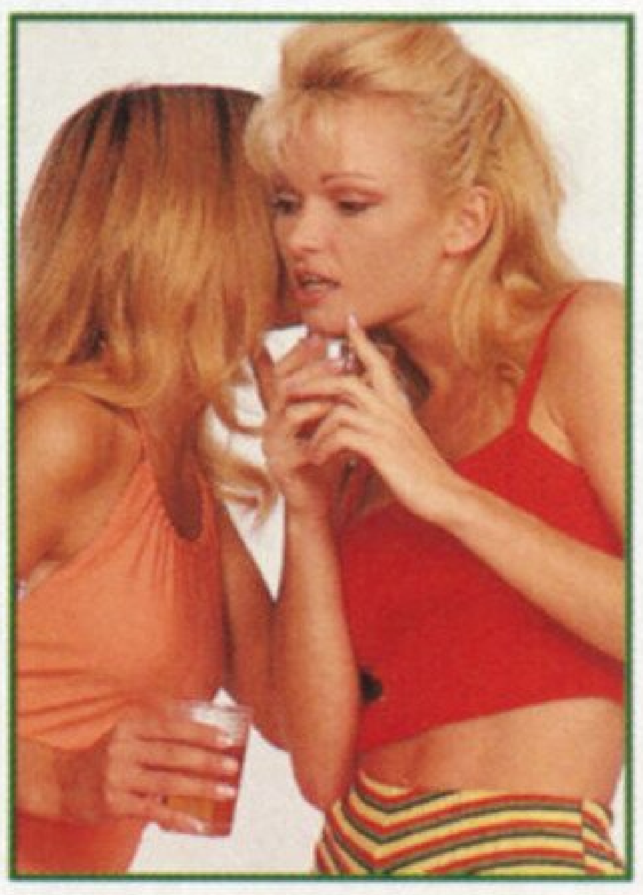
TOUCH OF EVIL



Expert Opinion: She is 'empowered' She has seen what she wants. Her posture indicates a strong attraction, and her breaking of the 'touch taboo' is a powerful expression of this.

We Say: She's interested – in a free drink. She's already done the same thing to everyone else at the bar. Her ultimate plan is to get you so pissed you fall off your stool, nick your wallet and leg it up to Ritzy's. A week later you'll get a massive bill from your credit card company.

SLOANE RANGERS

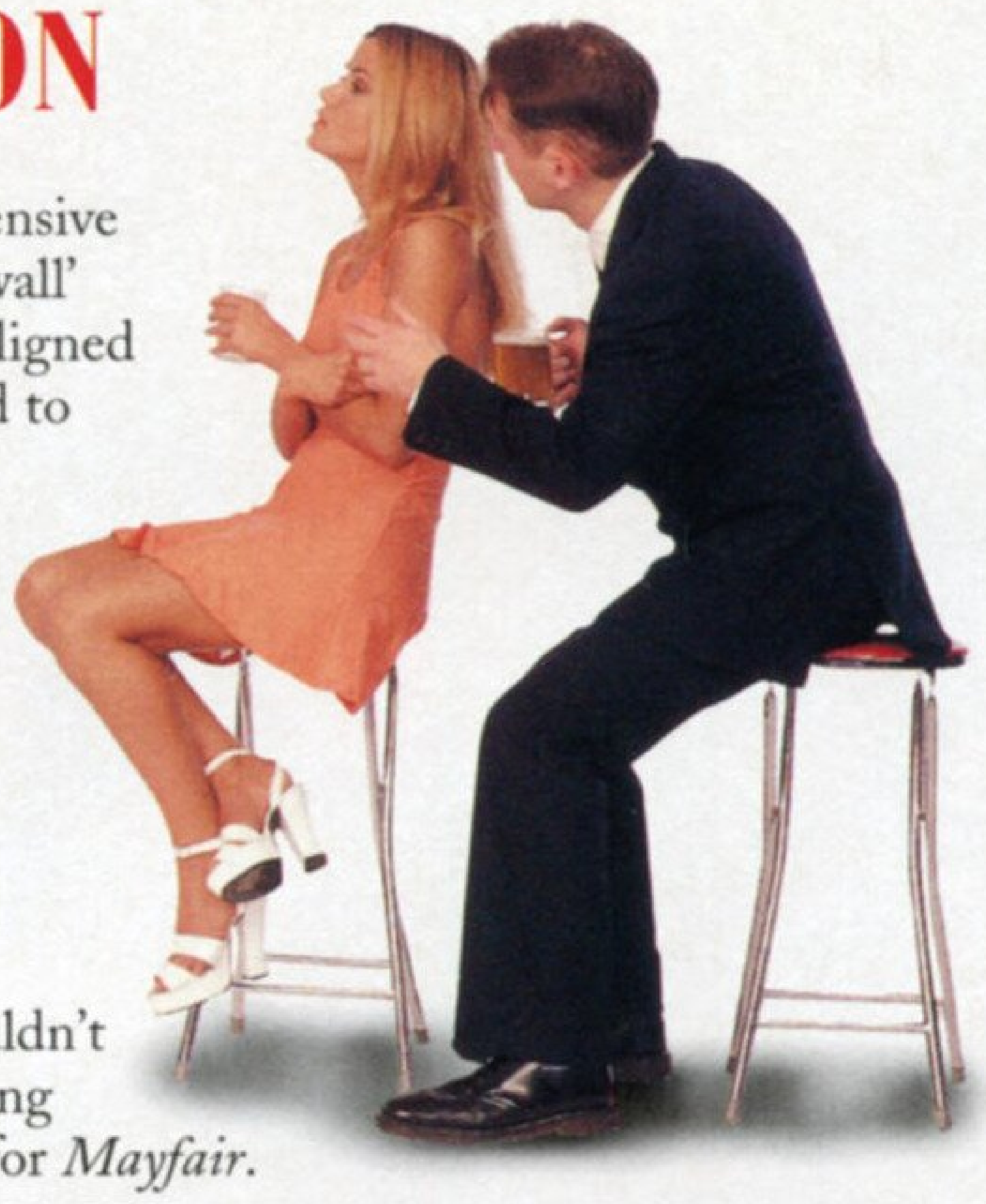


Expert Opinion: They are discussing your apparent virility and potential as a mate. This allows them to enter a state of mild sexual excitement and decide which – or both – of them is the most appropriate match.

We Say: They are commenting on your appalling dress sense and are shocked at the riff-raff the doormen have let in. This used to be such a nice club before the oiks arrived.

CROSS OF IRON

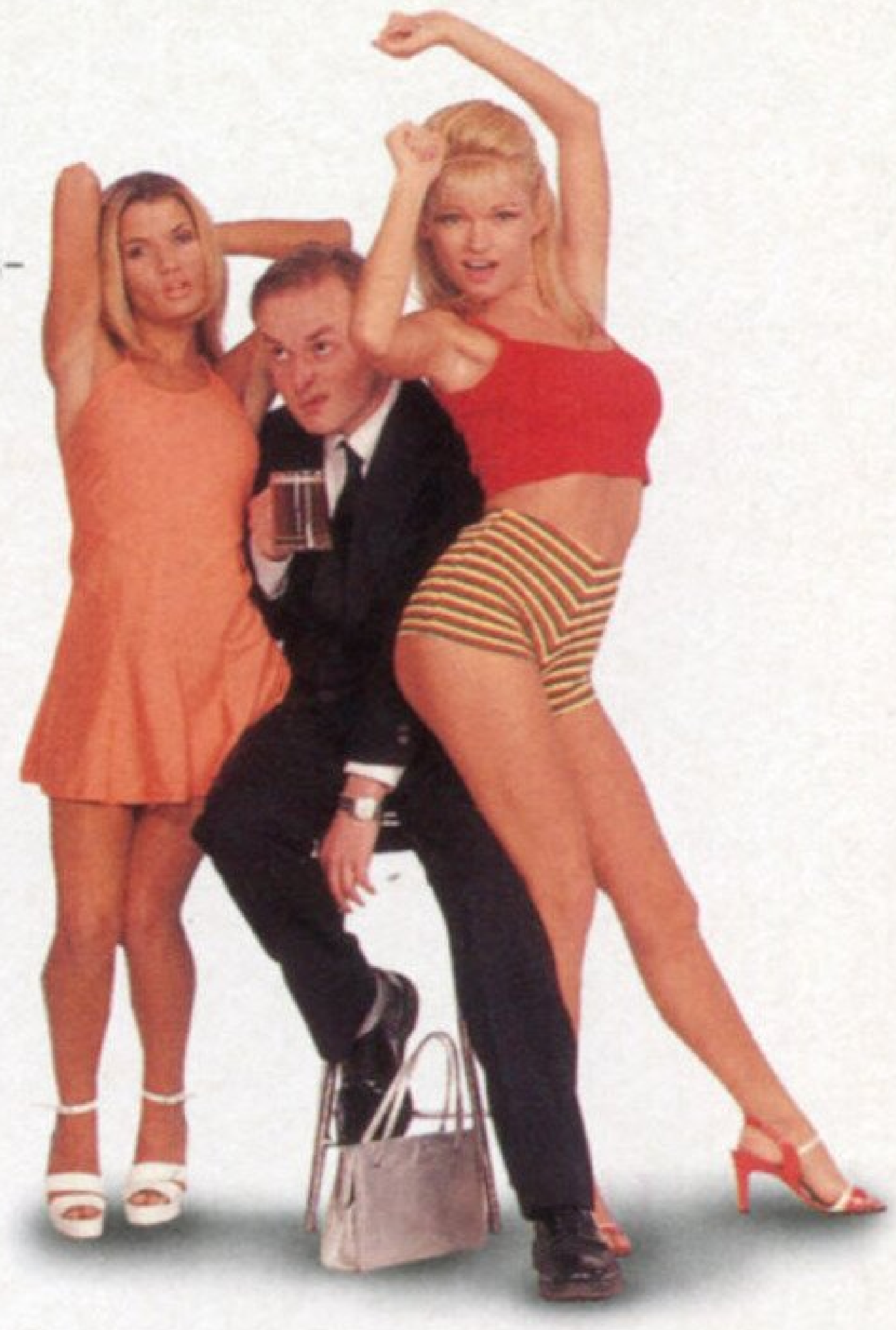
Expert Opinion: The classic defensive posture. Her crossed arms are a 'wall' forbidding you access. Her non-aligned pose indicates that she is prepared to leave if you bother her.



We Say: Oh dear, you really shouldn't have made that joke about shagging her sister – or told her you work for *Mayfair*. Leave before she tells you about her seven karate champion brothers.

DEAD AS DISCO

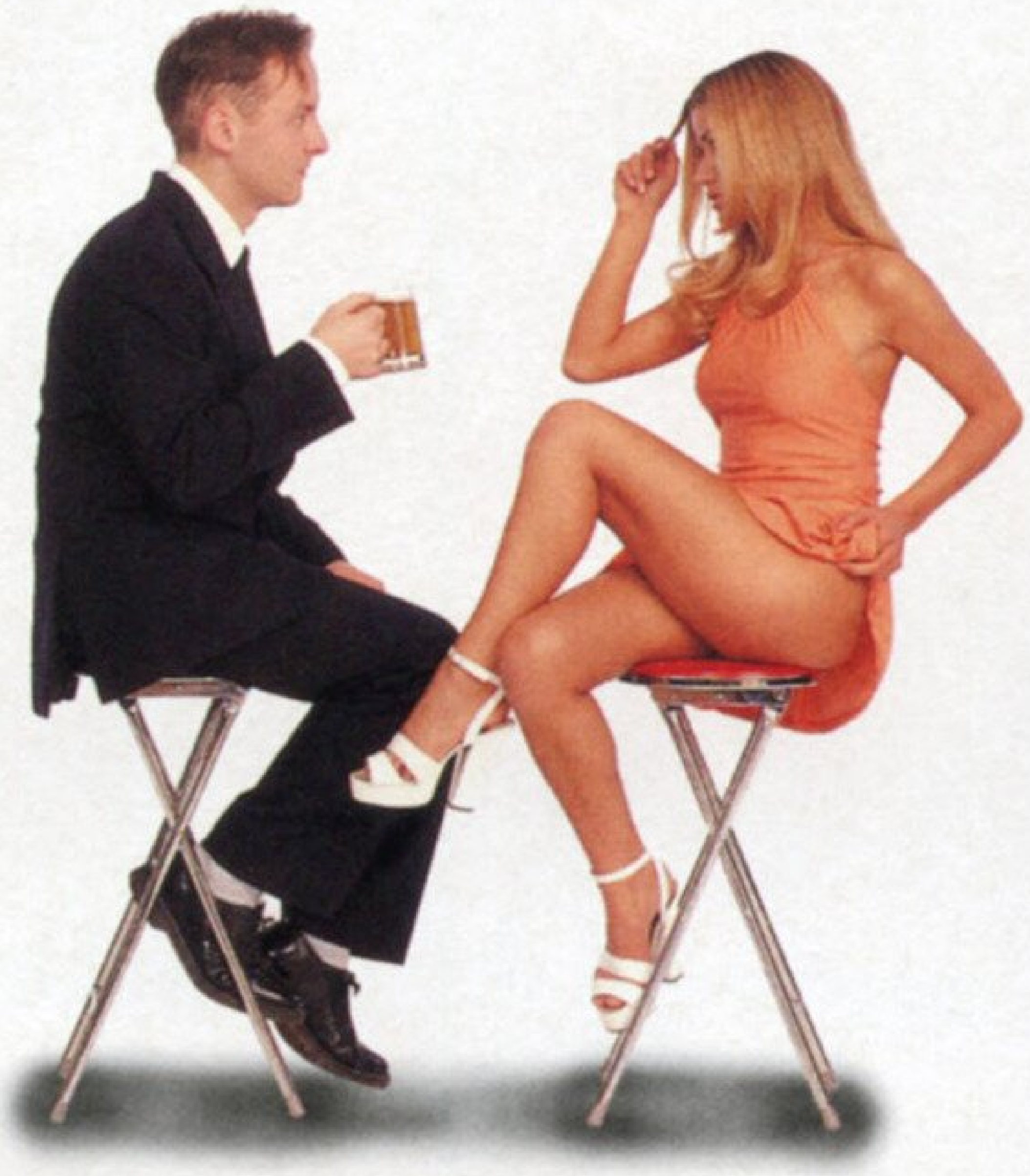
Expert Opinion: By dancing, they are displaying their availability in a rhythmic, codified sexual manner. In essence, this is a form of primaeval mating ritual.



We Say: Catch-22. You were getting on really well, then they started dancing. If you don't join in, they'll put you down as a killjoy and if you do, your 'grandpa at a wedding reception' dance style will make them laugh at you in public. For hours.

ANTS IN HER PANTS

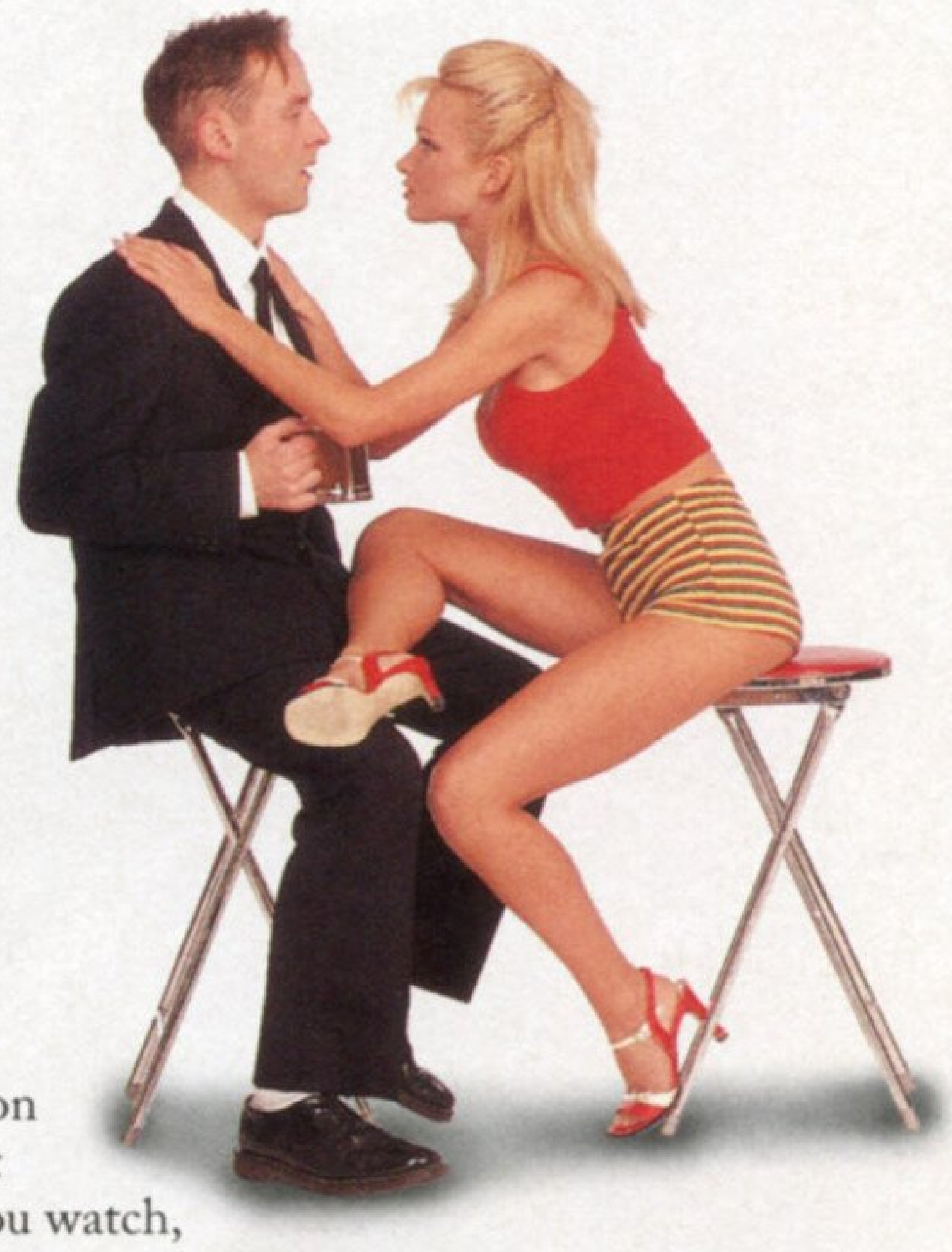
Expert Opinion: She's very attracted to you, but her fidgeting suggests she's too shy to make the first move. If she starts playing with her hair or her clothes, it's a subconscious expression that she'd really like you to be doing it to her instead.



We Say: She's either got chronic dandruff or she' s scared stiff, mainly because she's too dumb to understand any of your jokes and thinks that packet of fags in your breast pocket is a gun. In a minute, she'll pretend to faint.

THE EYES HAVE IT

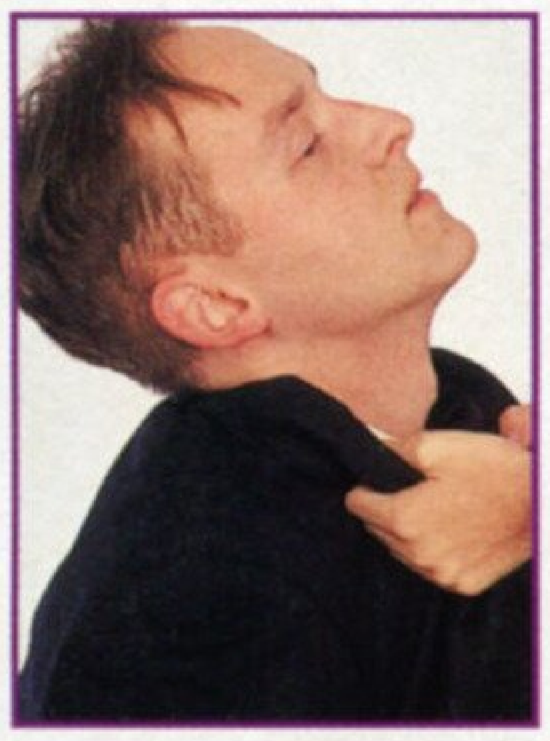
Expert Opinion: Eye contact is of paramount importance. Staring at your eyes conveys attraction. Staring into your mouth means she's fantasising about kissing you.

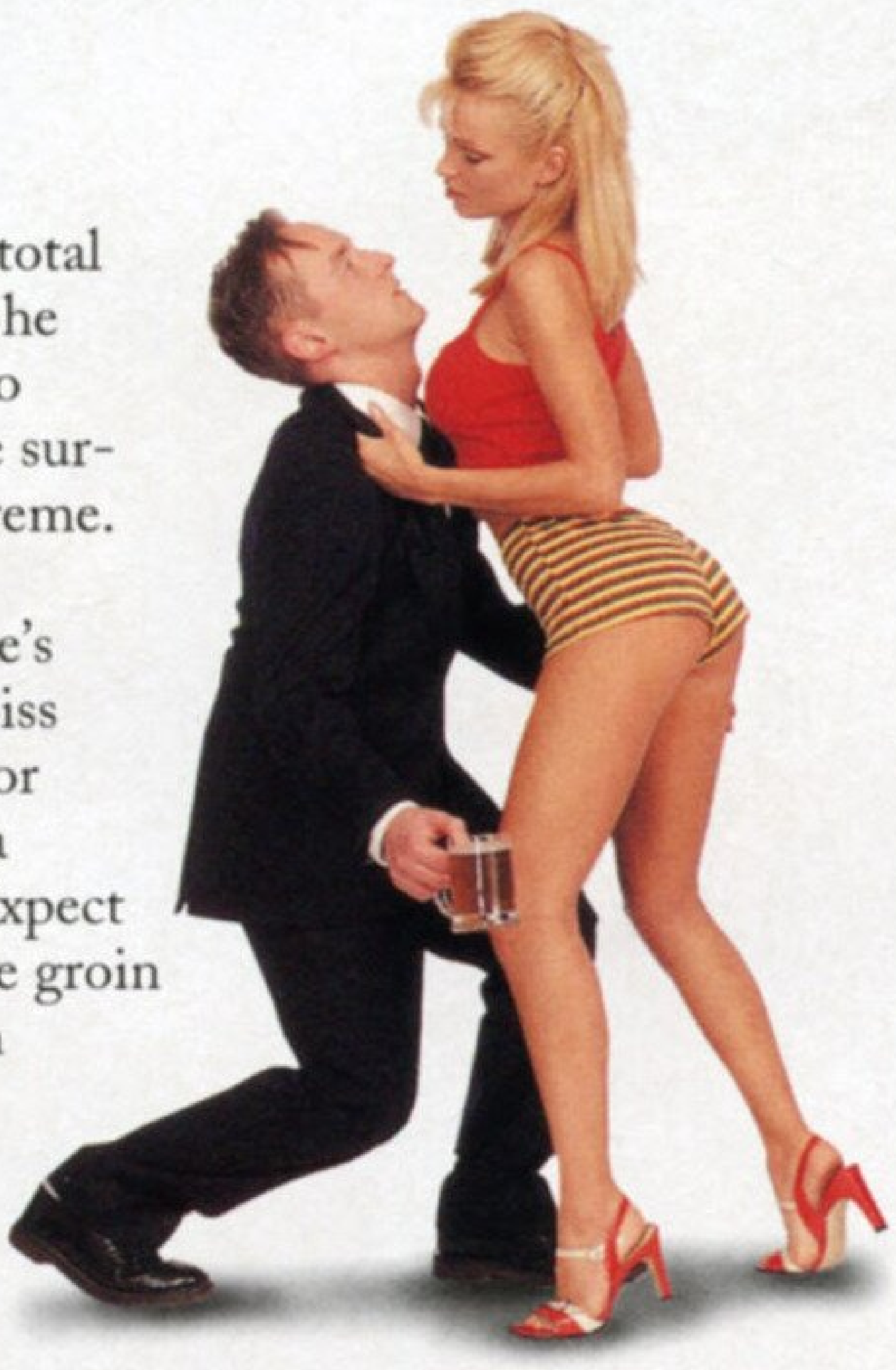


We Say: She finds your conversation so boring, she has decided to count the number of fillings you have. You watch, she'll be counting your buttons next.

LAPEL HELL

Expert Opinion: This woman is in total control, and wants you to know it. She wants you and you are not allowed to refuse. Sex is all she's after. Don't be surprised if her sexual demands are extreme.

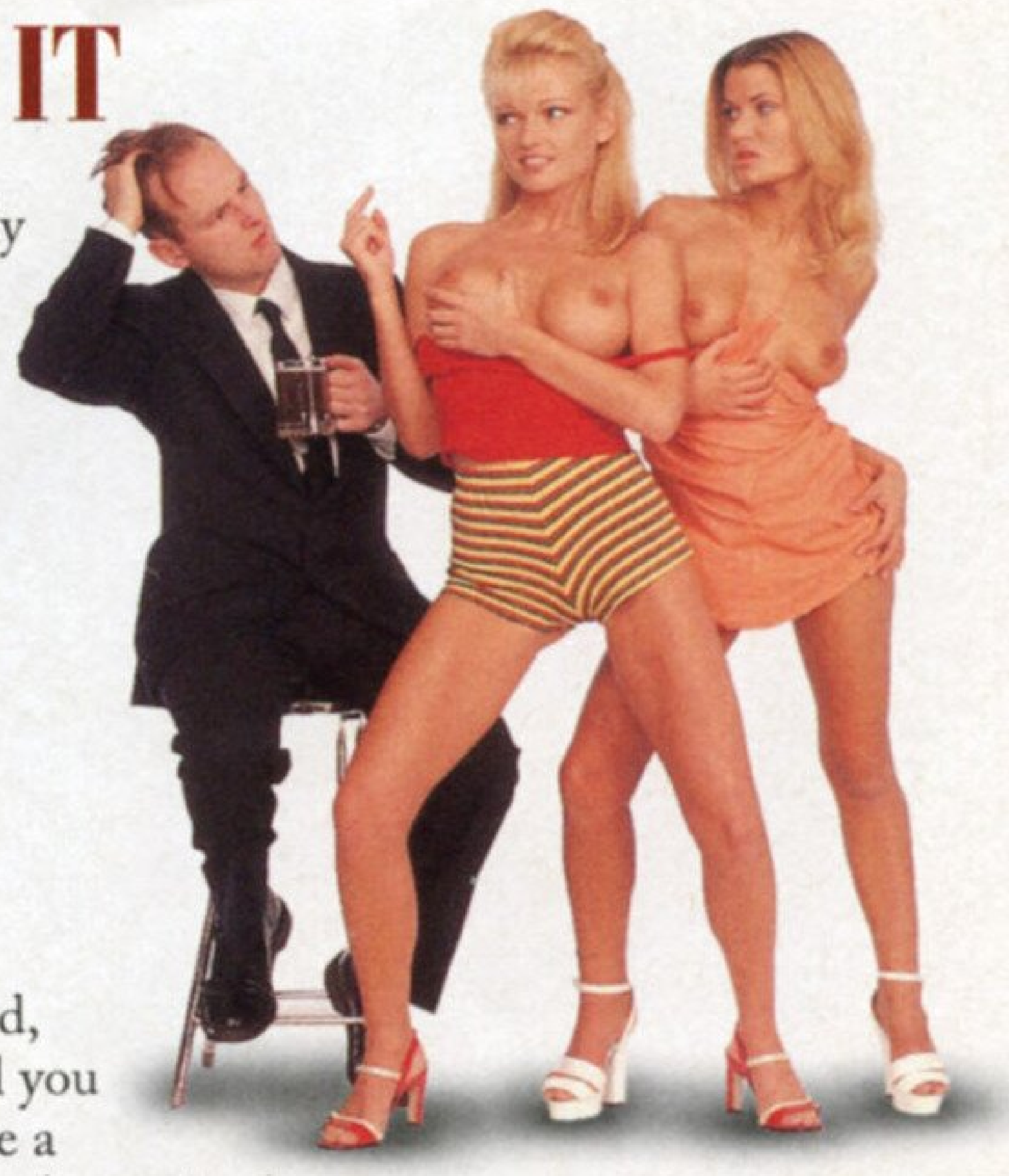




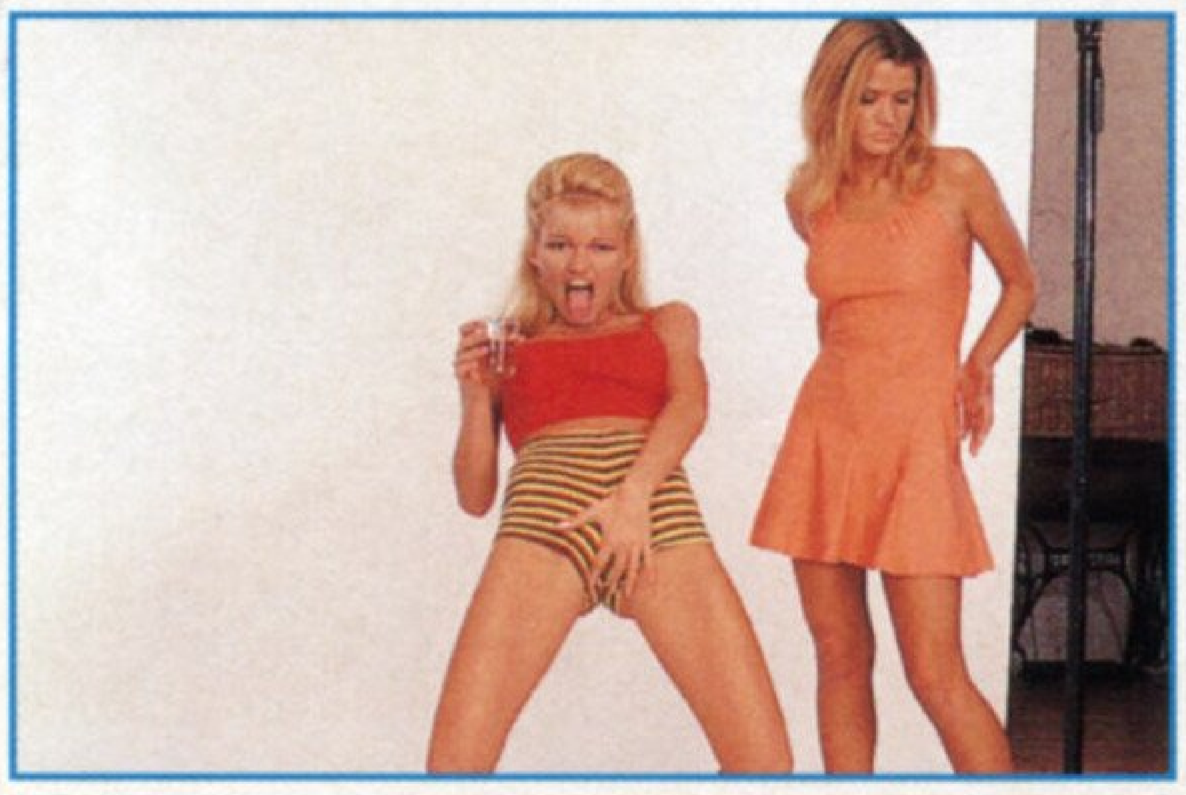
We Say: She's taking the piss out of you for being such a shortarse. Expect a knee in the groin and a punch in the face at any moment, you dwarf.

GAGGING FOR IT

Expert Opinion: They're definitely not interested in you. Actually, I think they need some personal, professional help – could I have their phone numbers? Please?



We Say: Wa-hey! Full steam ahead, captain! If you need a boffin to tell you what's happening here you must be a dozy fuckwit with shit for brains and no mistake…



SMILE PLEASE…

You're On Candid Camera!

Finally, we include this candid photo which was snapped after the shoot was wrapped up. Our body language expert suggested that the two postures indicated all manner of nonsense – but in reality Clare (on the left) was simply pissed out of her head from quaffing too much booze during the shoot, while Mandy (right) was only trying to decide if she'd remembered to put her knickers back on before making her way home on the train! So much for your 'expert opinion', Mr Poncey Professor – no wonder you never score with chicks, you useless academic arsehole!

QUEST

A CAR IS UNDENIABLY SEXY – UNLESS JEREMY CLARKSON'S DRIVING IT OF COURSE. AND AS THIS MONTH'S QUEST MOTORISTS PROVE, WOMEN DRIVERS DO HAVE THEIR USES AFTER ALL...

Name:	*Michelle*
Age:	*24*
Marital Status:	*Single*
Home Town:	*Glasgow*

When did you first notice the connection between sex and cars?

In my college years, I went out with a man a few years older than me. He was actually twenty-nine, and I'd only just turned 18. He used to pick me up from college at lunchtime and we'd park at a local beauty spot to begin my real education! It used to be just kissing, then 'heavy petting', but he was a wonderful lover and soon led me into temptation. I reached the point where I wanted him so much that I started getting down between his legs and giving him blow-jobs in the car and after that there was no stopping either of us.

What is it about cars that's sexy?

Being in a car means you can really push the boundaries of being in public while retaining a small portion of privacy to stop you being arrested for indecent exposure! I was listening to the Red Hot Chili Peppers on the way home to my parents' once, and their lyrics were really turning me on. I pulled off the road and wanked myself off with a Smarties tube (which was surprisingly satisfying) and reduced myself to an exhausted heap behind the wheel.

The most exciting thing was the other cars flashing past me, and I imagined male drivers catching sight of me groaning and writhing as I played with my bare pussy. I thought of them whipping their dicks out and wanking as they drove off down the road, thinking about what they would do if I was in the car beside them.

The feeling that you are being disgustingly naughty with other people all around you, is a real thrill!

Also, the confined space of a car, especially if you are with someone, adds to the passion – when the windows start steaming up, it's just like another world!

What do all your friends think about sex in cars?

I have talked about it with some of my female friends, and we agree that a car can make a man very sexy. It's true that the car you drive is a reflection of your personality. We all know a gorgeous bloke at the local football club who drives a large, black BMW and I'm sure we all fantasise about getting into it and finding out if he measures up to his V8 engine!

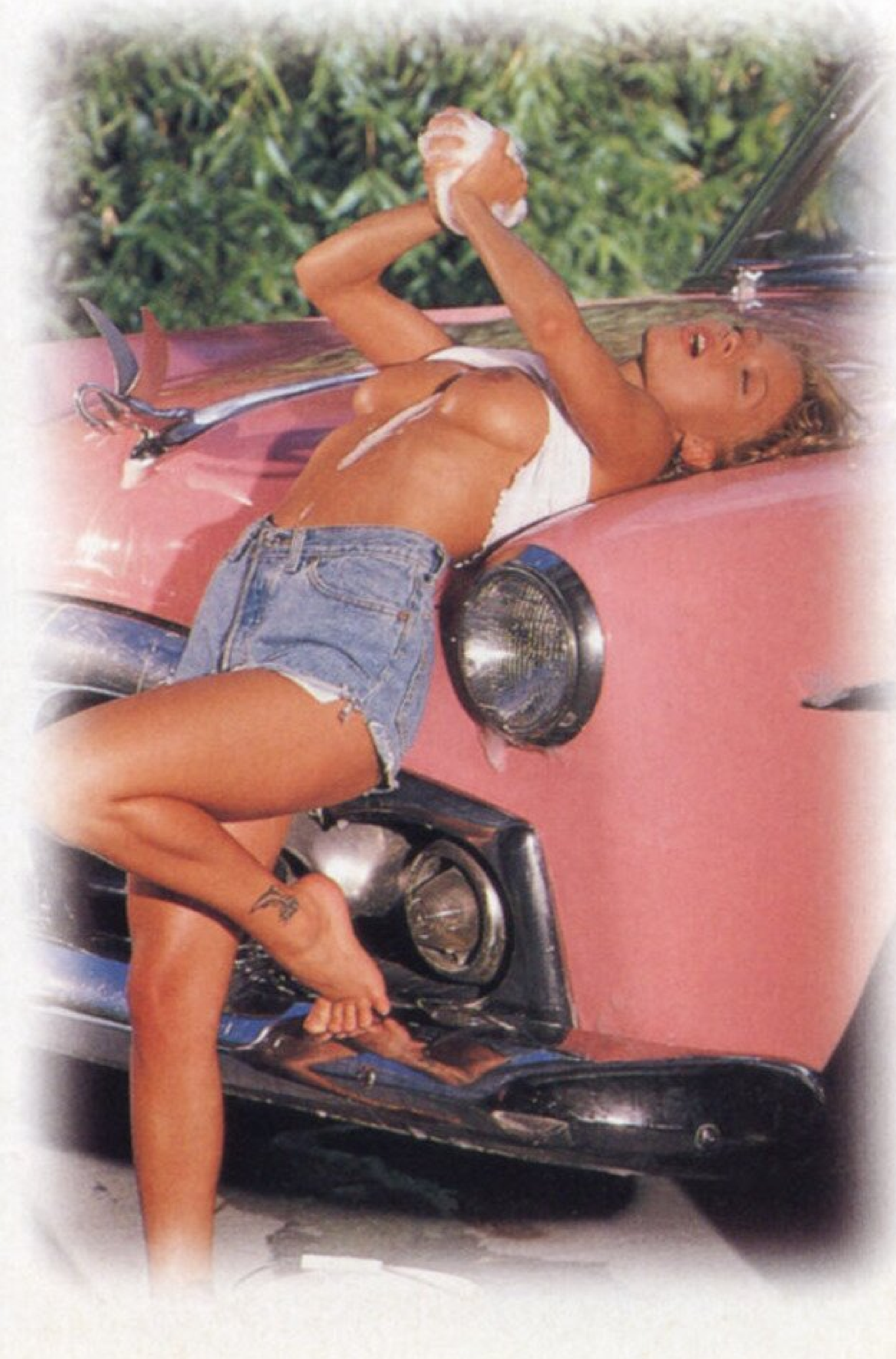
I have a married friend who drives a Discovery and she certainly uses it in keeping with its name, as it seems to have major pulling power on a night in town. She comes back with some wicked stories of what she's been up to in it. One bloke had her sucking the gear stick with her bum in the air between the two front seats as he took her from behind. I think it was the same man who ordered her to masturbate with her legs apart on he back seats as he shone a breakdown torch on her minge and jerked himself off!

> “I'D SLIDE ALL THE WAY DOWN THE HOOD ONTO HIS COCK”

> “I PULLED OFF THE ROAD AND WANKED MYSELF OFF”

Is there anything you haven't tried?

Although I have given a few blow-jobs on the motorway as we are travelling, I hold a bit of a penchant for someone sucking my clitoris as I'm driving. The logistics of the operation would be a



HE SHONE A BREAKDOWN TORCH ON HER MINGE

bit tricky, and I'm sure I'd be forced to pull over and demand a cock inside me, but it would be nice to be sucked out as we hit 90 or 100 mph.

I'd also like to try a threesome, maybe with a bloke and his best mate, and see how quickly I could get the condensation trickling down the insides of the windows. They would probably be talking about football or something in the back seat and I would pull the car over and put on a sexy tape. Then I would rub myself all over, perhaps offering them a tit each before lifting my skirt up and straddling the gear stick with my juicy, swollen lips. This sight would bring them out of shock and they'd pull the front seats back so I could suck and fuck them until they were dry!

What would be your ideal car/sex scenario?

My ideal scenario would be in a VW minibus (they throb so sexily), transporting a select few from the England rugby team up the motorway after a match at Twickenham. We would all be plastered and I would get them to spray champagne on my white cotton blouse, so that my big, erect nipples became apparent. One or two of them could freely grope me, and I would even welcome a rough hand sliding up under my skirt – but it would be selfish if he slipped his finger in without the others being able to see, so I'd invite them to remove an article of clothing one by one until I was completely naked apart from my white G-string.

I'd take a place on the back seat and they could watch as I soaked up the vibrations with my tits jiggling around and my legs apart so they could see how moist I was getting. With lots of raging hard-ons in my face, one of the players would have to get the driver's permission for a nice, big gang-bang on the back seat (he could probably have a go too). They could all line their juicy cocks up down the aisle as I put my heels on the two seats in front of me. Then they would take me, in full view of each other...

Any advice about car sex you'd like to pass on?

If you're by yourself and need a little action, try starting your car up (leave it in neutral with the handbrake on!) and then gently straddle the gearstick and let it vibrate against your clitoris. When you think you are wet enough, lower yourself onto it and grind away until your clitty starts throbbing like it never has before. and the best way to clean it afterwards is with alcohol!

What is your most erotic experience with cars?

This was with my older boyfriend. We had parked as usual, but were having a bit of a row because he'd said he was getting worried about our age difference. There was a lot of shouting, which turned me on, and I said he shouldn't worry because I was ripe for it!

He pushed my hands behind me and pushed the seat right back and reclined it, before kissing me hungrily. I started to get very turned on at being held 'captive' in this small space and when he slid his hands into my panties, I nearly came straight away!

He was very firm and forceful, giving me three fingers with a good, steady rhythm until I started to beg for his prick inside me. He told me to wait, got his cock out and leaned across my body, the weight of him making me feel helpless and totally aroused. He played with his prick all over my face and neck. I had my legs up on the dashboard and asked him to give it to me in my mouth. When he did, it tasted so good and I went crazy, giving it long slow draws, each one making my fanny that much wetter. I talked dirty in between sucks to persuade him to stick it up me by saying: "My hot fanny is waiting to squeeze that lovely come out of your balls," and he hurriedly repositioned himself between my legs. He drove in hard, so the whole car rocked on its suspension and shafted me repeatedly, so the seats were squeaking. It felt so good to have that cock inside me and I we came together, shrieking with joy as the windows clouded over.

Name:	*Caitlin*
Age:	*30*
Marital Status:	*Married*
Home Town:	*Bristol*

When did you first encounter sex and cars?

I am obsessed with both of them. For as long as I can remember, I've been mad about motors. When I was young, I could name everything on the road and tell you all about the different engines, specifications etc. I suppose I was a bit of a tomboy, but I inevitably ended up working in a garage and marrying a mechanic, then opening our own garage and recovery service.

Cars are the best sex toy there is – and the best aphrodisiac. It's all there: a beautiful body, power, style, speed (unless you're driving a Daewoo). I always liked going fast in cars, but once I was old enough to be interested in sex as well, I'd make my boyfriends drive faster and faster. That was the best thing to get me turned on. As soon as the needle hit the red line in my first boyfriend's Mini Cooper, I'd get really wet and force him to pull over for a quick session.

How is sex in cars different to sex in other places?

For a start, the view can always change! I think it's much more personal – your car is a reflection of your personality, but it also suggests different kinds of sex. For instance, in a sports car (say a Ferrari Dino), I always feel like a really quick, hard, athletic fuck, whereas in my big Dodge recovery truck (which I had imported specially from the States – mainly because it's got a big bed in the cab!) I like to go for a mammoth session lasting hours. It's even better if I leave the motor running – it's like being inside a huge diesel vibrator!

What's the most extreme thing you've heard of involving sex and cars?

I get called out to lots of crashes to tow vehicles away, and more than once, it's been obvious

THEY'D PULL THE FRONT SEATS BACK SO I COULD SUCK AND FUCK THEM DRY!

“HE DROVE IN HARD, SO THE WHOLE CAR ROCKED ON ITS SUSPENSION”

that the shunt was caused by couples having sex while they were driving. I can see the attraction (I must admit I’ve done it myself on more than one occasion), because it feels so craven and dangerous (which it is), but I don’t suppose I should really recommend it!

One girl told me she’d had a row with her boyfriend and he was driving her home. She thought it was the end of their relationship, so she wanted to give him one final taste of what he was going to miss. She pulled down his zip, whipped out his cock and started giving him a really filthy, double-fast blow-job. He was going crazy and the car started swerving a bit as he tried to keep control of himself. He went to pull over into a lay-by, but she said that if he stopped, she’d stop as well. He obviously couldn’t hold back any longer and shot his load into her mouth. Unfortunately, as he came he jammed his foot onto the accelerator and shot into the back of the other car parked in the lay-by – which was a police car working a speed trap! The boyfriend pulled his cock in as quick as he could and said he’d do the talking when the cops came to the window. He started making up some story, but as a final act of revenge his ex-girlfriend told them exactly what had happened and he got done for dangerous driving!

“THE SPUNK UNDERNEATH ME WOULD ACT LIKE A LUBRICANT”

“I ALMOST FLOODED MY KNICKERS WHEN I SAW HIS COME FLY OUT”

Is there anything you haven’t tried in a car that you’d like to?

I’ve had sex in most of the makes of car that I want to – well, having all those different cars in our garage does have certain perks, you know! However, what I really want to do is drive out into the desert in Nevada with my husband in a big, white Cadillac convertible. We’d pull off onto a dusty side road and (with the top down, of course), I’d strip off completely and lie on the baking-hot bonnet with my legs spread as wide as the headlights. He’d stand in front of the radiator and I’d slide all the way down the sleek, smooth hood onto his cock.

With my feet on the front bumper, I’d keep lifting myself up and down on his hard dick, driving it into me like a piston. The heat would make us both sweat bucket-loads and being out in the open would turn me on even more. When he was ready to shoot his load, I’d pull his prick out and wank it hard until he spurted all over my belly and the bonnet. Then I’d flip over onto my belly, hold my pussy wide open and tell him to stuff me again. The spunk underneath me would act like a lubricant, letting me slide up and down the bonnet easily. I’d grab hold of the wing mirrors or windscreen to pull and push myself that little bit harder! God, just thinking about it makes me want to book a plane ticket!

What’s your most erotic experience of sex and cars?

For a while, my husband and I had a showroom attached to the garage selling new and second-hand cars, though we don’t any more. We were working late and by the time we’d finished, we couldn’t be bothered to go home. But after concentrating on the cars all day and working really hard, I felt like I needed a bit of an adventure and an idea popped into my head.

We were both still covered in oil and grease, and wearing our overalls, but I grabbed him by the hand and led him from the service area into the showroom.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

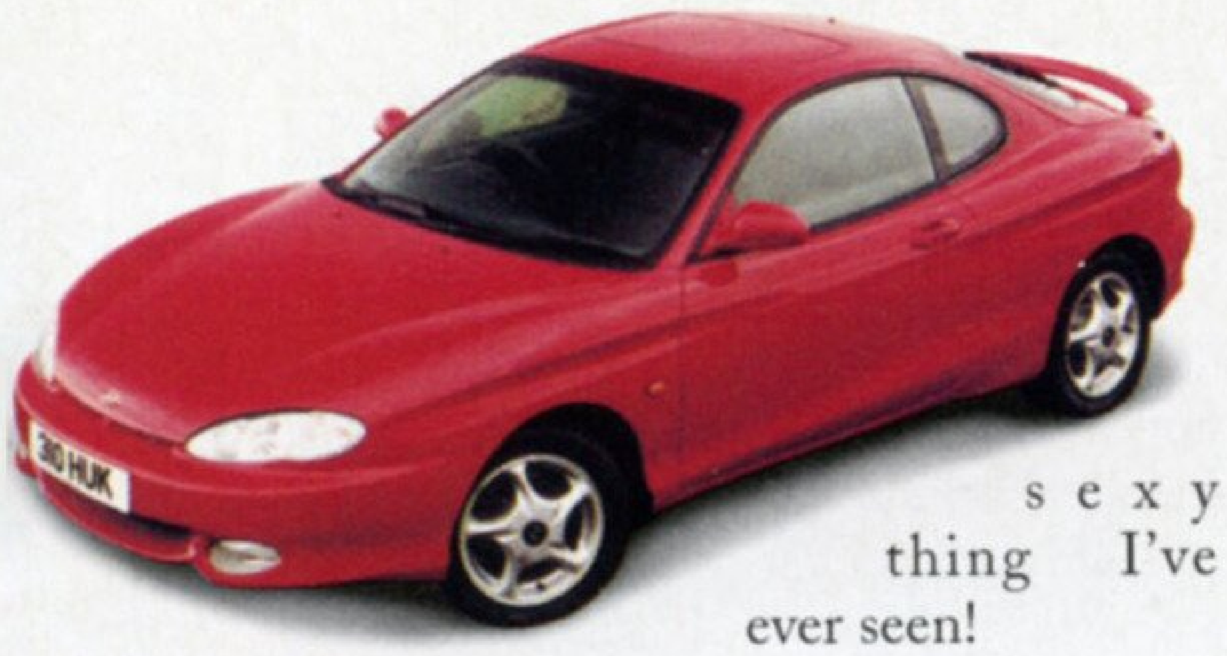
“A bit of after-hours performance testing,” I said. “We’re selling these cars to members of the public, so I think it’s our duty to make sure they’re safe and roadworthy – in all circumstances…” I dragged him into the first car in the showroom (a Saab 940 Turbo) and unzipped my overalls, letting my boobs bob free.

“I’d better go and wash my hands,” he said.

“No, I want your filthy hands all over me. I want to be covered in oil by the time you’ve finished with me. Now suck my tits,” I said as the front seat collapsed backwards and I pulled him down on top of me.

His hands were all over me in no time, kneading my boobs so they became smeared with oil while he sucked my nipples clean and erect. Luckily, all the seat covers had plastic sheets on them, so I unzipped his dirty overalls and pulled his knob out, then put myself underneath him so that his cock rode between my tits and I gave him the best tit-wank of his life. I could tell he was just as turned on by the situation as I was and he spunked absolutely gallons of jism onto my face and neck while the car rocked from side to side.

By now I was ripe for fucking and we moved on to the next car – an Austin Metro. It provided a different sort of challenge. Being such a small car, I put the seats down, got in the back and pulled my legs up with my knees practically next to my ears, so my pussy showed between the two front seats, dripping wet and primed for a screw. My husband didn’t need a written invitation and soon he was banging away at it, pounding my pussy for all it was worth. That position made his cock go in really deep and I soon came with a scream but begged him to carry on and fill my cunt up with his hot come. My slit lips were open so wide that when he came, all his spunk and my juice started oozing out of my swollen hole, which is probably the dirtiest, most amazingly



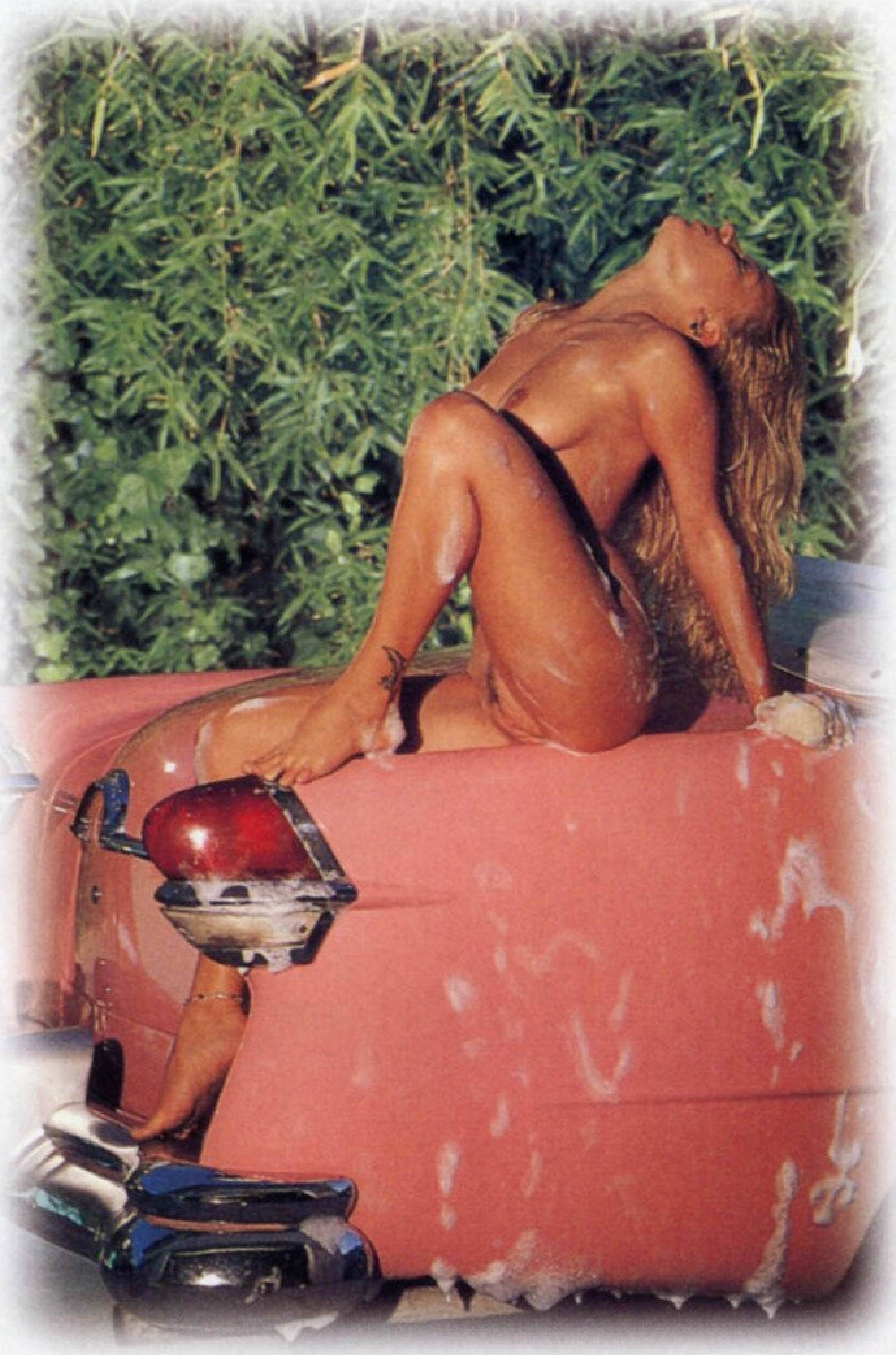
sexy thing I've ever seen!

“IT STRETCHED MY PUSSY LIPS SO MUCH SHE COULD SEE THE PINK FLESH”

Name: *Rachel*
Age: *28*
Marital Status: *Divorced*
Home Town: *London*

Is there a connection between sex and cars?

I work as a female cabby, and I can say there is definitely a connection. You wouldn't believe what goes on in the back sometimes. Often I'll pick a couple up from a nightclub and you can see they are desperate to shag each other. Sometimes they don't wait until I've dropped them off and go at it in the back of the cab. I don't generally mind, though, for two reasons. First, it means I get a bigger tip and second, I'm a bit of a voyeur and really get off on seeing other people having sex. I've thought of having a camera installed so I can re-live the moments in the privacy of my own home…



“I GAVE HIM THE BEST TIT-WANK OF HIS LIFE”

What's the most extreme thing you've seen?

The wildest thing I saw was when I picked up a well-known sportsman from a club at about three o'clock in the morning. He was with three women and as soon as the cab pulled off, they practically ripped his trousers off and started taking it in turns to suck him off. He just sat there and smiled at me in the mirror while they went to work. Just before he spunked, he gave me a little wink, which for some reason seemed really erotic – it was almost as if he was thinking of fucking me even though he had these three sets of beautiful red lips locked around his big cock. It really turned me on and I almost flooded my knickers when I saw his come fly out towards me!

Is there anything you haven't ever tried in a car that you'd like to?

Not really. I more or less live in my cab, so sex is just a natural part of my daily life in it, just like eating and talking to people. I've got a vibrator that plugs directly into the cigarette lighter and if I'm stuck in traffic or it's a quiet night for pick-ups, I'll often plug it in and wank myself off. I've even used it while I'm driving (though I'll have my licence pulled if anyone finds out!).

I was in the middle of a session in Finsbury Square once when this well-dressed, attractive woman appeared from nowhere and got into the cab. I went really red and tried to cover up what I'd been doing, but as I was pulling the wet vibrator out of my pussy, she said “No, don't stop! Put the meter on and keep going, but angle the mirror so I can see what you're doing.”

I was so turned on, I didn't want to be denied the orgasm I'd been working towards for the last half hour, so I did what she said and started sliding it in and out of my hole slowly at first, then more quickly while I moaned and spread my thighs to give her a grandstand view of my bush. Knowing that there was someone watching me was so erotic, and I almost came when I saw her hand with its long, red fingernails slip inside her own skirt and start wriggling around underneath the material.

As she played with her fanny, I went crazy and started thrusting the vibrator in and out really hard so that it stretched my pussy lips so much she could see the pink flesh inside it. My juice was practically pouring down my leg and when I had a bucking orgasm that seemed to last forever, my leg caught the horn repeatedly, but I didn't care. I only just managed to put my pussy out of sight before a couple of other cabbies came running over to the car to see why I was honking.

The woman in the back told me to take her home. I did, and when she paid her fare, she gave me a fifty pound note and told me to keep the change. She also gave me her business card and asked if I would be available for hire at the same time next week. I won't say exactly what happened seven days later, but I've now got a regular, very lucrative and enjoyable fare on Friday nights – and I'm hanging around in Finsbury Square more than ever before!

“HIS SPUNK AND MY JUICE STARTED OOZING OUT OF MY SWOLLEN HOLE”

The fantastic bodywork on display in this Quest belongs to the racy Monika. These previously unseen pics from her Vol 31 No 12 set show her polishing the publisher's big pink one in the car park – now that's what we call a valet service!

GET YER MOTOR RUNNIN'!

Ladies, all you need to do to join the Quest database is fill in the coupon and send it to us. We'll register you on our Quest database and send you a Questionnaire if a subject comes up that might tickle your fancy. We promise never to pass your details on to anyone else and we'll even send you £20 for each one you complete. And saying you're on the Quest database is really impressive when you're chatting a bloke up at a party! Just to whet your appetite, here are some subjects we're planning to cover in the future – unless you've got any better ideas…

Aphrodisiacs: everything from caviar to Mars bars.

Cybersex: do you prefer a good RAM to an old floppy?

Oral sex: do you like to suck it and see?

Group sex: horny orgy stories!

Send Me A Questionnnaire – Private & Confidential

Name: __________
Pen Name: __________
Telephone: __________ Best Time To Call: __________
Address: __________

Subject(s) you'd like to see in Quest: __________

I am over 18, signed: __________

Cut out or photocopy and send to:
Quest Database, Mayfair Magazine, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 8JJ

Personal Details

Age: *23*

Vital Statistics: *36D-25-34*

Second Profession: *Erotic Dancer*

Home Town: *San Francisco*

BRITTANY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JON HARROLL

What's the best thing about dancing?
The best thing about dancing in clubs is the total control you've got over all the customers. I'm a natural tease, so I bump and grind my stuff right up in their faces until they look like they're gonna explode or something!

Do you have a special routine?
Sure, I've got loads of special moves. The best one is when I turn my back to the audience, step out of my G-string and keep my pussy covered up!

That must get quite a reaction from them.
Ain't that the truth! The longer I keep them on the edge of the seat, the crazier they get. When I've taken it as far as I think it can go, I whip my hands away and go straight into the splits, then roll onto my back and give them that good eyeful of my pussy they've been begging for.

Does it turn you on?
You would think that doing it nearly every day would turn you off, but it doesn't. If anything, I ache for a fuck more and more after every show – and I'm not usually short of horny volunteers ready to stick it to me!